RAYMOND CHANDLER'S

THE LONG GOODBYE

Screenplay

by

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Revised Draft
March 7, 1972

MISSING PAGE 21

A1 INT. MARLOWE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A small room, dimly lighted by a street lamp outside. Someone is pounding on the front door. Presently a light goes on in adjoining bedroom. Rumpled from sleep, pulling on a dressing gown over his pyjamas, PHILIP MARLOWE enters.

MARLOWE
All right, all right...don't break it in.

He crosses to the door, pausing to snap on a lamp. We can see the room now; a tatty furnished rental that probably hasn't changed much since the Fifties. The only personal items there are are a hi-fi and record collection, and a chess board with a problem set up on it. Marlowe is a loner, and a lonely man.

VOICE OUTSIDE
(with more knocking)
Phil...it's me, Terry.

Marlowe opens the door. TERRY LENNOX is on his doorstep; a handsome, personable, likable man who projects complete sincerity. He is well-dressed and has with him a fair-sized suitcase. Marlowe looks at him, yawning.

TERRY
It's a hell of an hour to be pounding on your door...

MARLOWE
But...you've got a suitcase, and a problem. Come on in, Terry.

Terry picks up the suitcase and comes in, shutting the door behind him. Marlowe is busy lighting a cigarette.

MARLOWE
Who's on your tail...Marty Augustine?

TERRY
I know better than to tangle with people like him. No...I'm afraid the trouble is with my wife.

MARLOWE
You and Sylvia splitting up again?

CONTINUED

A1 CONTD

TERRY
Looks like it. You want to hear all the sordid details?

MARLOWE
No. Okay, Terry, what can I do for you?

TERRY
I've got to get away for a while. Maybe we'll both have some second thoughts. Will you take me to Tijuana?
(a beat)
I could drive myself, but that red Maserati stands out like a search-light, and I don't want her sending people to track me down.

MARLOWE
Tijuana.
(he sighs, not happy, but willing to do it)
Fix yourself a drink. I'll be with you in a couple of minutes.

DISSOLVE TO

B1 EXT. TIJUANA GATE - NIGHT

Marlowe's car, an undistinguished heap, not too old, not too new, passes through the gate to the Mexican side.

B2 EXT. TIJUANA STREET - NIGHT

Marlowe's car pulls in to the curb. Terry gets out, lifts the suitcase from the back seat, leans back in to shake hands with Marlowe, and walks away along the street, carrying the case.

B3 EXT. TIJUANA STREET - NIGHT

Marlowe looks after Terry, shakes his head, then does a U-turn and drives off.

C1 EXT. MARLOWE HOUSE - MORNING

A modest old-fashioned stucco house on a street, say, above Franklin. Marlowe drives up and is about to pull into the open garage when two men step out of it

CONTINUED

C1 CONTD

and stop him. They're plainclothesmen, detectives. SERGEANT GREEN leans on the window.

GREEN
Your name Marlowe?

MARLOWE
Yeah.

Green flashes his ID.

GREEN
Let's go inside. We want to talk to you.

He opens the car door, indicating that Marlowe shall get out.

C2 INT. MARLOWE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

We hear the key in the lock. The door opens. The second cop steps in first, looks around; satisfied the place is empty, he nods and Marlowe and Green come in.

GREEN
Sit down, Marlowe.

Marlowe stands. The cops shrug and sit down.

GREEN
I'm Sergeant Green, this is Detective Dayton. Where did you go last night?

Dayton has a notebook and pen. Marlowe lights a cigarette.

MARLOWE
This is where I say, What's all this about? And you say, We ask the questions.

GREEN
So just answer them. Where did you go last night?

MARLOWE
Maybe if I knew why you want to know, I could remember.

CONTINUED

C2 CONTD

DAYTON
Are you gainfully employed, Mr. Marlowe?
(a beat)
Where do you work?

MARLOWE
I understand English, believe it or not. I'm a private detective, I run my own agency.

He tosses his wallet to Dayton, open to show his license. Dayton looks at it, passes it silently to Green, who glances at it and drops it on a table.

GREEN
You know a man named Terry Lennox.

MARLOWE
Who says I do?

GREEN
His address book. And there's a red Maserati parked at the bottom of the hill...registered to him.

MARLOWE
So?

GREEN
So where did you go last night?

MARLOWE
Let me see. I went down to a joint on Franklin and had a hamburger and a cup of coffee...the hamburger wasn't very good. I came back here and ran off Khatchaturyan's violin concerto...I don't like it...and played a game of chess against Wilhelm Steinitz.

DAYTON
(writing)
Wilhelm Steinitz...address?

MARLOWE
He's been dead for 72 years. I lost. What else do you want to know?

CONTINUED

C2 CONTD (2)

GREEN
What time did Terry Lennox come here?

MARLOWE
I didn't say he did.

Green rises to face Marlowe. Unobtrusively Dayton circles around in back of Marlowe.

GREEN
Look, Marlowe. You've been gone a long time. I know, because I've missed half a night's sleep waiting for you to come back. Now you tell me where you were.

MARLOWE
I don't have to tell you anything, Sergeant Green. If you have a specific charge against me, state it. Otherwise, buggar off.

GREEN
Dayton, do we have a specific charge against Mr. Marlowe?

Dayton shoves Marlowe from behind, hard, into Green, who staggers back and falls to his hands and knees.

DAYTON
(grinning)
Now we do.

MARLOWE
Oh, shit, you can't pull that one...

DISSOLVE TO

D1 INSERT - DAY

A man's hand writing on a form; we see a blue uniform sleeve.

VOICE OVER
Assaulting a police officer in the performance of his duty...

D2 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A portion of the wall and one corner. Marlowe slams into the wall from o.s. with considerable force, rolls into the corner, and tries to regain his balance.

FARMER'S VOICE OVER
My God, you're clumsy, Marlowe...

D3 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A small bleak room with table and chairs. Marlowe, DET. LT. FARMER, a DETECTIVE.

FARMER
Always tripping over something.

MARLOWE
(bleeding slightly from the nose)
Yeah.

Farmer takes him firmly by the arm and sits him down.

FARMER
Just sit down and stay there. We don't want you all banged up, somebody might get the wrong impression. Now tell me, Marlowe...why won't you answer a simple question?

MARLOWE
Two reasons. First, it isn't simple. Second, I don't like the way you ask it.

He has taken out a pack of cigarettes. He starts to light one. Farmer snatches them away.

FARMER
You crazy, rotting your lungs out with those things? Don't you know what they do to you? Besides, they stink up the place.

Knowing Marlowe is a heavy smoker, he's going to let him suffer.

FARMER
All right, I'm going to give you one more chance. Where did you go last night, and why?

CONTINUED

D3 CONTD

MARLOWE
One more chance before what?

FARMER
Before I throw the book at you.

MARLOWE
I'm waiting to hear the charges.

FARMER
Oh, don't give me that innocent crap. You want me to believe your friend Terry Lennox turned up in the middle of the night and you drove him a few hundred miles to somewhere, and he never told you?

MARLOWE
Told me what?

FARMER
You want to hear the charges? Okay. Accessory after the fact of murder...

MARLOWE
Who's dead?

FARMER
...aiding a felon in unlawful flight...

MARLOWE
I asked you, Lieutenant. Who's dead?

FARMER
Terry Lennox' wife, that's who's dead. And not very nice dead.

He snaps his fingers at the Number Two cop, who passes him some b/w glossies out of a folder. The Lieutenant gives these to Marlowe, who is revolted. He puts them down.

MARLOWE
I don't believe it.

FARMER
You have to believe she's dead, that's obvious. So what don't you believe?

MARLOWE
That Terry Lennox did it.

D3 CONTD (2)

FARMER
You don't believe he could beat a woman to death.

MARLOWE
No.

FARMER
How long have you known him?

MARLOWE
Long enough for me.

FARMER
He's a gambler, mixed up with people like Marty Augustine. All the dirty pools, football, baseball, basketball, hockey...

MARLOWE
A gambler, yes. A killer, no. He loved his wife.

FARMER
They split up once before.

MARLOWE
Yes.

FARMER
They were divorced.

MARLOWE
They remarried. They had their troubles, who doesn't? But they loved each other.

FARMER
Was she cheating on him?

MARLOWE
I don't know anything about it.

FARMER
Was he cheating on her?

MARLOWE
Same answer.

FARMER
Don't know much about your old pal, do you?

CONTINUED

D3 CONTD (3)

MARLOWE
The Lennoxes have money, I don't, and I don't like freeloaders. These days, Terry and I have a drink together once in a while.

FARMER
Last night, what did he tell you... that he was in a jam with his gambling associates?

Marlowe doesn't answer.

FARMER
That he was fighting with his wife again?
(no answer)
What excuse did he give you?
(no answer)
Oh, the hell with it.
(tosses Marlowe's cigarettes at him)
Here, go stink up a cell.
(to other cop)
Take him out and book him.

DISSOLVE TO

D4 INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Marlowe, alone in the cell, lies on the bunk, smoking. His clothes look as though he'd slept in them...he has ...his shirt is soiled, he has a three-day growth of beard. He turns his head wearily as footsteps sound in the corridor.

A warder appears at the door, unlocks it and swings it open.

WARDER
Okay, on your feet.

Marlowe gets up, feeling some tender spots.

MARLOWE
More questions? I don't know which'll give first, me or that wall.

CONTINUED

D4 CONTD

WARDER
Never mind. Move it.

Marlowe leaves the cell.

D5 INT. JAIL ROOM - DAY

Corner of a dingy room with a counter. A uniformed cop is dumping the contents of a manila envelope onto the counter; Marlowe's wallet, keys, etc. Marlowe checks the wallet. The warder is looking on.

UNIFORMED COP
All in order?

MARLOWE
Yeah.

UNIFORMED COP
Sign here.

Marlowe signs, looking at the warder.

MARLOWE
What goes on?

WARDER
You're loose, buster. Ain't that enough for you?

MARLOWE
No, not after three days of getting bounced around. I want to see the Lieutenant.

WARDER
What Lieutenant?

MARLOWE
You know damn well what Lieutenant. Farmer, the one who's been doing all the pushing.

WARDER
O, him. Well, you go through there and ask the desk sergeant.
(to uniformed cop)
Some people are just never satisfied.

CUT TO

D6 INT. CORRIDOR - POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Marlowe is looking at doors. At the other end of the corridor Farmer and another MAN come out of an office and start toward Marlowe, not seeing him; they're deep in conversation. Marlowe sees them and quickens his pace.

FARMER
(to other man)
...get a make on those prints, and tell Ballistics to hurry it up. If we can match...

MARLOWE
Lieutenant...

FARMER
(impatient at being interrupted)
Yes? Oh, it's you. What do you want?

MARLOWE
You're dropping the charges against me?

FARMER
That's right.

MARLOWE
Why? All of a sudden.

FARMER
Because we're no longer interested in you.

MARLOWE
(follows them along the corridor)
What happened?

FARMER
We got all our answers.

MARLOWE
But what about Terry Lennox?

FARMER
He's dead, Marlowe. The case is closed.

CONTINUED

D6 CONTD

MARLOWE
Terry...dead? How? What do you mean, the case...

But Farmer and the other man have stepped into a lift and the doors close in his face.

MARLOWE
Son of a bitch...!

E1 INT. LOBBY - HALL OF JUSTICE - DAY

ESTABLISHING

E2 MARLOWE

He is buying a paper from a coin-op box. MORGAN the crime reporter walks up to him.

MORGAN
You won't find anything in that. We've got fresher murders.

MARLOWE
Oh, hello, Morgan. Happenstance?

MORGAN
No, I heard they were springing you this morning. Got a way to get home?

MARLOWE
(shakes his head)
These bastards are real good at bringing you in, but they don't care how you get back.

MORGAN
I can give you a lift. Got a couple of back issues you might want to see.

MARLOWE
I want to know what happened to Terry Lennox.

MORGAN
They didn't tell you?

CONTINUED

E2 CONTD

MARLOWE
Like you say, they've got fresher murders. All I heard was that he's dead and the case is closed.

MORGAN
You wasted your three days, Marlowe. My car's across the street.

CUT TO

E3 INSERT

A newspaper in Marlowe's hands; front page with headline, LENNOX SUICIDE, a photo of Terry and a woman, Sylvia. A smaller headline says Admits Killing Wife.

MARLOWE'S VOICE OVER
Suicide!?

E4 INT. MORGAN'S CAR (PROCESS) - DAY

Morgan driving through Los Angeles streets.

MORGAN
Blew his brains out in some god-forsaken little Mexican town. He left a full confession...

MARLOWE
I can read.

MORGAN
I'm sorry, Marlowe.

MARLOWE
Why should you be sorry? It's just another story to you.

MORGAN
I'm sorry because you're stupid. You sat in the pokey taking lumps for your friend, and your friend let you down. Stupid, Marlowe, but it's a kind of stupidity I like. We ran a story on you, by the way. It's there, picture and all.

He indicates a second newspaper on the seat between them. Marlowe gives it a cursory glance.

CONTINUED

E4 CONTD

MARLOWE
Thanks. That'll help business a lot.
(returns to story of
Terry Lennox)
Otatoclan. Where the hell is Otatoclan?

MORGAN
I'm not just sure, but it's way back in. Caters mostly to hunters, I think.

MARLOWE
Why would he go there? He could have killed himself right in Tijuana.

MORGAN
Tijuana, huh? That's where I figured you took him. Hell, he could have killed himself right here in L.A. The man was at the end of his rope, Marlowe. You can't figure what they'll do. They don't know themselves.

MARLOWE
What happened to the body?

MORGAN
His wife's family didn't want it back, for obvious reasons. I guess he didn't have any family of his own.

MARLOWE
There was an aunt, but she's dead.

MORGAN
So he's buried at Otatoclan. No morgue facilities there...they shovel 'em under real fast.

MARLOWE
Uh-huh. Case closed. All tied up with a little blue bow on top. Shit! Terry wasn't at the end of his rope. And the way he talked, Sylvia wasn't dead then, either. I don't believe it. I don't believe he killed his wife, I don't believe he killed himself.

MORGAN
Evidence?

E4 CONTD (2)

MARLOWE
I knew the man. Morgan, you've been on the crime beat for years. Doesn't this smell to you at all...not even one little bit?

MORGAN
Not to me, not to the cops. Marlowe ...when you get home, take a hot shower, get stinking drunk...and forget it.

CUT TO

E5 INT. MARLOWE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marlowe, scrubbed and shaved, is working assiduously on a bottle of bourbon, but his manner is restless and uneasy. He can't get drunk and forget it. He looks up a number in the phone book, and dials.

MARLOWE
Hello...Fairway Travel Service? Yes...I was thinking of a trip to Mexico. I want to go to a place called Otatoclan. That's right... O-t-a-t-o...

DISSOLVE TO

F1 EXT. OTATOCLAN - FULL SHOT - DAY

ESTABLISHING a dusty, remote Mexican village.

F2 INT. OFFICE OF THE JEFE DE POLICIA - DAY

A whitewashed room with a desk, some chairs, filing cabinet, etc. The JEFE and the local DOCTOR talk with Marlowe.

DOCTOR
I myself made the examination and signed the documents. I am coroner here as well as doctor. You may wish to look at these photographs.

He hands two b/w prints to Marlowe.

F3 INSERT

The photographs in Marlowe's hands. The one uppermost shows the body of Terry Lennox, largely nude, lying in a crude wooden coffin, packed in ice. A blackened wound shows on the temple.

DOCTOR'S VOICE OVER
Our facilities are limited. It was necessary to bring ice from the hotel...

Marlowe shuffles the photographs, bringing uppermost a close shot of Terry's head, packed in ice, with an ugly contact wound showing clearly on the temple. The doctor's hand enters SHOT, pointing.

DOCTOR'S VOICE OVER
You see...Death was instantaneous.

F4 BACK TO SCENE

MARLOWE
I see.
(returns photos)
The gun?

JEFE
Was his, registered to him in Los Angeles County.

MARLOWE
You gentlemen are being very kind. I hope it's not too much trouble.

JEFE
We are most happy, Mr. Marlowe. You were a friend of the deceased.

MARLOWE
I'm grateful. As I understand it, Terry Lennox checked into the hotel, was shown to his room, and about an hour later he shot himself.

JEFE
That is correct.

MARLOWE
How did he get here...to Otatoclan?

Blank faces.

CONTINUED

F4 CONTD

MARLOWE
There are only two ways for the tourist...the small charter plane from Tijuana and the way I came, by the hired jeep. I asked around. Terry Lennox didn't fly, and he didn't hire the jeep. So how did he get here?

JEFE
This is a mystery, Mr. Marlowe. We don't know how he came.

MARLOWE
Somebody must have brought him.

JEFE
It would seem so.

MARLOWE
But nobody saw who it was.

The Jefe spreads his hands.

MARLOWE
And nobody saw anyone come into the hotel, or go to Terry's room.

JEFE
The answer I received was no. You may ask there yourself, Mr. Marlowe.

MARLOWE
I already have. Can I see Terry Lennox' effects?

JEFE
Certainly.

He takes a small box out of a drawer and empties it on the desk; wallet, keys, handkerchief. Marlowe opens the wallet. It's empty.

MARLOWE
He had a suitcase.

JEFE
Por favor?

F4 CONTD (2)

MARLOWE
A suitcase. When he checked into the hotel. Where is it?

JEFE
Oh, yes, the suitcase. It was not in his room. I regret to say it, but things disappear. I questioned the hotel staff, of course, but...

MARLOWE
It may surprise you, but things disappear in New York and L.A., too. You're sure Lennox didn't contact anyone here in town? No phone calls, no messages?

JEFE
Not that I know of. What else can I show you? Fingerprints...
(shows Marlowe a set of prints)
A stat of these was sent to your Los Angeles police...they match those of Lennox on file there. I believe he had been engaged in...

MARLOWE
Gambling. Yes. Can I see the note?

The Jefe extracts it from the open file folder on his desk whence the other items have come.

JEFE
It was on the desk beside him. A stat of this was also sent. It is without doubt his handwriting.

MARLOWE
I wonder how carefully they checked that. They wouldn't want to find it wasn't.
(examines note)
Short and to the point. Suicide note and full confession, all in a few well-chosen words. No incoherent rambling, no hysterics. He must have had nerves of steel.

JEFE
You are suggesting something, Mr. Marlowe?

F4 CONTD (3)

MARLOWE
I'm suggesting that handwriting can be forged, and that murder can be made to look like suicide. I'm suggesting that I'd like to know who brought Terry Lennox here, and why. I'm suggesting, Senor Jefe, that someone is lying.

JEFE
Mr. Marlowe...!

MARLOWE
(forestalling the man's anger, gives him a business card)
If you ever find out who it is, I'd appreciate it if you'd let me know. Thank you for your time, gentlemen. And...which way is the cemetery?

F5 EXT. OTATOCLAN CEMETERY - DAY

One of those bleak little Mexican cemeteries, the wooden crosses gay with ribbons and holy pictures. Marlowe stands with an OLD MEXICAN MAN beside a fresh, unmarked grave. In sign language Marlowe indicates that he wants a cross made for the grave. The old man nods. Marlowe gives him some money, then takes out a notebook and pen and begins to print.

F6 INSERT

The notebook page. Marlowe prints in block letters, TERENCE LENNOX d. 1972.

FADE OUT

G1 INT. MARLOWE OFFICE - DAY

At the door. It opens. We see the legend painted on it: PHILIP MARLOWE PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS. Marlowe comes in, shuts the door, and takes the mail out of the box under the door-slot.

G2 INT. MARLOWE OFFICE - DAY

A dingy small office, reflecting Marlowe's non-brilliance in the matter of financial success. He checks the automatic message-recorder.

CONTINUED

G2 CONTD

RECORDED VOICE
This is the Southside Finance Company. Mr. Marlowe, we're calling in regard to your overdue...

He shuts it off, and begins to go through the mail, dropping the junk stuff into the wastebasket. One item offers him some especially fine Swedish porno, complete with a picture brochure; he studies this as though wondering what they won't do next. The phone RINGS. He answers it.

MARLOWE
Marlowe speaking... Yes...
(makes a note)
Mrs. Roger Wade. ... Well, that would depend on the nature of the case, Mrs. Wade. ... Sorry, I don't do divorce work. ... I see. Have you filed a missing persons report with the police? ... Uh-huh, I understand. All right, Mrs. Wade, I guess I can work it in. When would you like to meet? ... Oh, I think so. What's the address?

G3 EXT. WADE HOUSE - DAY

A fairly sumptuous home, suitable for a best-selling author. Marlowe leaves his car and rings the doorbell. A MAID opens the door.

MAID
Yes?

MARLOWE
My name is Marlowe, Philip Marlowe.

MAID
Mrs. Wade is expecting you.

G4 INT. WADE HOUSE - DAY

The foyer, as Marlowe enters.

MAID
This way, please.
(leads him to living room)
Mr. Marlowe.

G5 CONTD

MARLOWE
How long has he been gone?

EILEEN
You must understand, this isn't the first time...

MARLOWE
How long?

EILEEN
Almost a week.

MARLOWE
And you didn't worry.

EILEEN
Not at first, no. Roger has a drinking problem. Every so often he reaches a stage where he feels he must have professional help.

MARLOWE
In other words, he goes and gets himself dried out. Doesn't he tell you?

EILEEN
Sometimes.

MARLOWE
Isn't there a particular place where he goes? A doctor who takes care of him?

EILEEN
Yes. But this time he didn't go there. I've checked every other place I could think of...

MARLOWE
And still you didn't worry.

EILEEN
Are you implying something, Mr. Marlowe?

MARLOWE
Only that you might have felt you deserved a few days' rest. I don't think you got those bruises running into a door.

G5 CONTD (2)

EILEEN
There's no need to go into all that. I wasn't worried because he's disappeared like this before...he never would tell me where he'd been. It seems to be a very private thing with him. I found this in his wastepaperbasket. It might help.

She hands him a yellow second sheet that has been crumpled and then smoothed out again.

MARLOWE
Half a page of manuscript...

EILEEN
Roger is working on a new book. I'm afraid it's not been going well. You see, here, where he stopped writing and began to ramble. He must have been feeling quite desperate.

MARLOWE
Doctor V...Doctor V...a whole long string of V's...all in caps...YOU MUST HELP ME. Who is Doctor V?

EILEEN
That's what I want you to find out. Who he is, where he is, and what sort of hold he has over Roger.

MARLOWE
You think this is the same man he's gone to before, on these private trips?

EILEEN
I'm only guessing, of course.

MARLOWE
It's a reasonable assumption. Doctor V...

EILEEN
Not much to go on, is it? I looked in the directory under Physicians... I never knew there were so many names beginning with V.

CONTINUED

G5 CONTD (3)

MARLOWE
I think the one we want will belong to a very small group of very discreet specialists. He may not be too difficult to find. Can you give me a picture of your husband?

EILEEN
Yes, of course. This is the latest one.

MARLOWE
Not a forgettable face.

EILEEN
He's a very large man. Sometimes I think that's part of his trouble. We haven't discussed money yet, Mr. Marlowe.

MARLOWE
Fifty dollars a day, and expenses. He gets violent when he drinks?

EILEEN
I wish I could deny that, but I can't. I'll give you a check now, if you like.

MARLOWE
Thanks, I prefer an itemized bill. That way there's no misunderstanding. Okay, Mrs. Wade. I'll get on this right away.

H1 INSERT

A discreet sign on a building front: THE CARNE ORGANIZATION, INC. CONFIDENTIAL ENQUIRIES.

MARLOWE'S VOICE OVER
Confidential enquiries! Kee-rist.

H2 INT. CORRIDOR - CARNE ORGANIZATION - DAY

It might be the corridor of any modern business concern, reeking of chrome-steel efficiency. The Carne operatives we see are proper gentlemen, neatly dressed, emphasizing Marlowe's shabbiness. From o.s. we hear the subdued clatter of business machines. Marlowe walks along the corridor, opens a door.

H3 INT. OFFICE - CARNE ORGANIZATION - DAY

A small office room furnished in Spartan Modern. A very efficient-looking WOMAN sits behind the desk.

WOMAN
May I help you?

MARLOWE
Name's Marlowe...private detective on a case...
(shows her his license)
I need some information.

WOMAN
What sort of information, Mr. ... um...Marlowe?

MARLOWE
Nothing that will tarnish the Carne Organization's shining image, I assure you. I only want some names from your barred-window file.

WOMAN
I beg your pardon?

MARLOWE
The barred-window file. The list of doctors who specialize in treating rich alcoholics and borderline psychos. My client is trying to locate a husband who answers that aescription. I'm only interested in the V's.

WOMAN
(making note)
You did say Vee.

MARLOWE
V as in Vera.

WOMAN
Have a seat, Mr. Marlowe. I'll run the cards through.

She exits through an inner door. Marlowe lights a cigarette, looks for an ashtray, can't find one, and uses the pot containing a plastic philodendron. The woman returns with three punch cards.

CONTINUED

H3 CONTD

WOMAN
Vukanich, Varley, and Verringer.

She begins to type names and addresses.

MARLOWE
Just like that. Think of the time and shoeleather if I'd had to track them down myself.

WOMAN
We consider ourselves efficient, Mr. Marlowe.

MARLOWE
The organization spirit. You don't suppose Mr. Carne could use an inefficient but very experienced private eye like me?

WOMAN
Personnel is down the hall, third door on your right.

MARLOWE
Your tone lacks that certain spark. Perhaps I'd better wait till I get my other suit back from the cleaners.

The woman is now operating an adding machine.

WOMAN
That will be sixteen dollars and fifty cents. Pay at the desk.

She hands him the typed sheet and the slip.

MARLOWE
Thank you. Thank you very much.

DISSOLVE TO

I1 INT. MARLOWE OFFICE - DAY

Marlowe is eating his lunch out of a paper bag and making a phone call.

MARLOWE
Mrs. Wade? Marlowe. I have three names.. Vukanich...Varley...Verringer. Any of them ring a bell?
(MORE)

CONTINUED

I1 CONTD

MARLOWE (Contd)
(obviously the answer is no)
Uh-huh. Okay, I'll start touring. ...Yes, I will, Mrs. Wade. Just as soon as I do.

He gulps the last of his coffee from a paper cup, sweeps the debris into the wastepaperbasket. As an afterthought, he checks the automatic message-recorder.

RECORDED VOICE
This is the Southside Finance Company again, Mr. Marlowe...

He cuts off the message and goes out.

J1 EXT. SUNNYSIDE SPA - DAY

Marlowe's car driving in past an identifying sign. The spa looks more like a motel than a hospital; low buildings, trees, grass, a pool. Marlowe stops in front of what seems to be the main office and gets out. There are people about in the grounds, sunning beside the pool, strolling, sitting in deck chairs. Instead of going into the office, Marlowe starts walking.

J2 EXT. SUNNYSIDE SPA - DAY

Marlowe prowling around the grounds, looking at people... looking for Roger Wade. He doesn't see anything resembling Roger, but a well-endowed young lady in a brief bikini catches his eye. He stares; she lifts her sunglasses and glares; and a voice speaks behind Marlowe.

VERRINGER
Looking for someone?

J3 MARLOWE AND VERRINGER

As Marlowe turns to meet DR. VERRINGER...a small man, quiet-spoken, with a gentle manner.

VERRINGER
I'm Dr. Verringer.

MARLOWE
How do you do. My name's Marlowe. I'd like to see Roger Wade.

CONTINUED

J3 CONTD

VERRINGER
Suppose we step over here, Mr. Marlowe.

They go apart, where they can speak privately.

VERRINGER
Now...who did you want to see?

MARLOWE
Roger Wade.

VERRINGER
There's no one here by that name.

MARLOWE
He may not be using it. Recognize this?

He shows Roger's photo to Verringer, who scarcely glances at it.

VERRINGER
No. May I ask what your business is, Mr. Marlowe?

MARLOWE
If he's not here, what do you care?

VERRINGER
This is a hospital. I dislike strangers prowling about.

MARLOWE
(shows his license)
I'm working for Mrs. Roger Wade. She'd like her husband back.

VERRINGER
I'm sorry I can't help you.

Politely but firmly he indicates that Marlowe shall return to his car. They walk to it together. Marlowe gets in.

VERRINGER
Good day, Mr. Marlowe.

MARLOWE
Sorry I bothered you, Doctor.

He drives away. Verringer watches to make sure he goes.

K1 INT. WADE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Marlowe and Eileen.

EILEEN
But how can you be so sure he's at Verringer's? You didn't see him...

MARLOWE
We had three possibilities, right? Dr. Vukanich, Dr. Varley, Dr. Verringer. Dr. Vukanich and Dr. Varley were helpful and cooperative, not because they fell in love with my baby blue eyes but because they wanted to clear their skirts.

EILEEN
You mean, in case something has happened to Roger...

MARLOWE
They wanted me to know that it hadn't happened at their places. They couldn't show me their admission records, of course, but they let me show the photograph around and ask questions. Verringer didn't even bother to look at the photograph, he just threw me out.

EILEEN
But if Roger is there, why wouldn't he say so?

MARLOWE
Because for some reason he doesn't want Roger found just yet. Why don't you let me take you out there, Mrs. Wade? Verringer could hardly brush you off the way he did me.

EILEEN
Frankly, I haven't the guts. Besides, Roger wouldn't...I'm not a good influence on him. He does much better with strangers.

MARLOWE
I couldn't make him leave, unless he wanted to.

CONTINUED

K1 CONTD

EILEEN
You could find out how he is, and what's going on, and then we'd know better what to do, wouldn't we? Believe me, Mr. Marlowe...if I go out there and make a big scene, Roger will feel compelled to make a bigger one. I'll back you up if there's any trouble. But I don't think you're afraid of trouble.

MARLOWE
What gave you that idea?

EILEEN
I read about you in the newspaper. I liked what you did.

MARLOWE
That's why you called me, instead of one of the big outfits like Carne. I wondered.

EILEEN
It seemed to me that you were a man who could be trusted.

MARLOWE
I'll see what I can do. It may take a while.

EILEEN
I'll be here.

L1 EXT. ROAD AND GATE - SUNNYSIDE SPA - NIGHT

Marlowe drives up. The gate across the driveway is now shut and padlocked. Marlowe pulls the car off to one side and kills the motor. He opens the glove-box and then gets out, holding a picklock.

L2 MARLOWE

At the gate. He maneuvres the chain on which the padlock is secured until he can get hold of the lock; then he proceeds to open it with the picklock. He pushes the gate open and goes through.

L3 EXT. SUNNYSIDE SPA - NIGHT

Marlowe approaches the office. It's dark except for a single light. He tries the door; it's locked. He knocks. Nothing happens. He looks around, rather baffled.

L4 EXT. SUNNYSIDE SPA - NIGHT

The patients' quarters are dark. Marlowe moves silently through the grounds...and sees one lighted room. He goes toward it.

L5 EXT. SUNNYSIDE SPA - NIGHT

The light is coming from a glass wall, partly covered by a floor-length drape but open at one side where the sliding door is pushed back to admit air. Marlowe makes his way quietly onto the terrace outside the open door. Keeping in the shadows, he can both see and hear what goes on in the room beyond.

L6 INT. ROGER'S ROOM - SUNNYSIDE SPA - NIGHT

A pleasant room, furnished with a bed, dresser, chair. Dr. Verringer is talking with ROGER WADE, who sits on the bed. Roger is a huge man, who looks tough and mean ...but at the moment he seems perfectly cowed by the small soft-spoken doctor. This may be because he is under some sedation.

ROGER
It's too much, Doc. You want too much.

VERRINGER
That was the agreed price, Roger. You knew that when you came here.

ROGER
Yeah, but...

VERRINGER
You needed me very badly when you came here, didn't you?

ROGER
I did, goddam it, but it's too fucking much...

VERRINGER
You know better than to use that kind of language to me.

CONTINUED

L6 CONTD

ROGER
Yeah...but five thousand dollars...!

VERRINGER
You'd like to go home, wouldn't you?

ROGER
Christ, if I stay in this pen much longer I'll start smashing the walls.

VERRINGER
You don't smash things, not in my place. A man came looking for you today...a private detective. Your wife is trying to find you. I don't think you want your wife to know too much about your reasons for coming here.

ROGER
I don't want that bitch to know anything.

VERRINGER
Here is your checkbook, here is a pen. The check's made out, all you have to do is sign it. I'll send you home in the morning.

ROGER
(whining)
You're extorting from me, Doc... that's what you're doing.

VERRINGER
You try my patience. You really do. Sign it, Roger.

L7 INT. ROGER'S ROOM - SUNNYSIDE SPA - NIGHT

As Marlowe speaks from outside.

MARLOWE
Why don't we just let that wait a while?
(opens screen door and enters)
But you know, I'm almost inclined to agree with him, Dr. Verringer. Do you always get your bills paid this way?

CONTINUED

L7 CONTD

VERRINGER
None of your damned business, and how dare you break in here like this? I could...

MARLOWE
You could have me arrested for trespassing, but why go to all that bother?

ROGER
Who the hell are you?

MARLOWE
I'm Marlowe...the man who was here today looking for you. The good doctor dummied up. I see why now.

VERRINGER
You don't see anything.

ROGER
(assessing the change in the situation)
Yeah. Yeah, the son of a bitch won't let me go. He wants money. Five thousand goddam separate and distinct dollars...

MARLOWE
I heard.

VERRINGER
You don't understand...

MARLOWE
I understand that Mr. Wade wants to leave, and you're holding him pending payment of five thousand dollars.

ROGER
You going to get me out of here?

MARLOWE
If that's what you want me to do.

ROGER
You bet your sweet ass.
(to Verringer)
I got somebody on my side now, Doc.
(MORE)

L7 CONTD (2)

ROGER (Contd)
What're you going to do about it, huh? Stick me with another goddam fucking needle?

VERRINGER
No, I'm not going to do that. Very well, I suppose I can't stop you... not without a noisy scene and a lot of unpleasantness. But I want you to understand, Roger...You have not heard the end of this.

ROGER
Ah, go screw.

Taking his checkbook, Roger heaves himself up and flings an arm around Marlowe's shoulders.

ROGER
Come on, little buddy. Let us fly from this shithouse before he turns us both into giant snails. You got a car?

MARLOWE
It's a little way. Can you make it?

ROGER
Don't you worry, ol' Roger'll make it.
(waving the checkbook)
Goodbye, Dr. V.

M1 EXT. WADE HOUSE - NIGHT

Marlowe's car in front of the house, Marlowe holding the passenger door while Roger unloads himself, laughing.

ROGER
The look on his face when I went off with the checkbook...did you see it?

He staggers and Marlowe steadies him...

MARLOWE
Yeah, I saw it. Come on.

CONTINUED

M1 CONTD

ROGER
I bet he's eating his goddam ass off right now...

The front door opens, spilling light across the driveway. Eileen stands in the doorway.

ROGER
You opening doors now? What the hell am I paying the goddam maid for?

EILEEN
It's late, Roger, she's gone home.

ROGER
But you waited up. Oh, she's noble, Marlowe. She is so goddam noble she can make a man puke.

EILEEN
Roger, will you please come inside?

ROGER
Afraid I'll disturb the neighbors, huh?
(shouts)
Hey, all you little fucks! Wake up. I'm home again.

MARLOWE
Inside.

M2 INT. WADE HOUSE - NIGHT

As Roger and Marlowe enter, not gracefully.

MARLOWE
He's still groggy from the dope, Mrs. Wade.

ROGER
Dope. Hell. They've got a ten-dollar word for that, Marlowe. It is called sedation. And they charge you...

He breaks off, looking with a sort of animal cunning at Eileen. Then he lunges off along the hall to the study door.

M3 INT. WADE STUDY - NIGHT

An intensely masculine room. A small arsenal decorates the walls. There is a desk with a typewriter and stacks of paper. There is a huge couch. Roger is making for it. Marlowe and Eileen enter after him.

ROGER
I'm going to sleep here. This ol' couch is my friend. It receives me when nobody else will.

Marlowe looks around. Eileen gets blanket and pillow from a cupboard.

ROGER
This is my room, Marlowe. Females forbidden, usually. I do my dirty work in here. See? Fine job for a man, ain't it...writing words on paper like a goddam stenographer. Sometimes I look to see if I've still got all my parts.

MARLOWE
You seem to have done all right.

ROGER
Yeah, I've done just dandy. I've got a great big beautiful house and a little small beautiful wife...

EILEEN
Why don't you get some sleep now, Roger?

ROGER
I'll sleep when I goddam want to. You married, Marlowe?

MARLOWE
No.

ROGER
You don't know what you're missing.

He seems about to settle down. Marlowe and Eileen start to go.

ROGER
Hey, little buddy. Come here.

CONTINUED

M3 CONTD

MARLOWE
Yeah?

ROGER
I like you. I liked the way you stood up to that little sod Verringer. I think maybe you'd be good for me. Why don't you stick around a while...keep me off the sauce until I finish the goddam book.

MARLOWE
Sorry. Wet-nursing is not in my line. Anyway, tomorrow or the day after, you'd throw me out on my ear.

ROGER
Maybe you're right. Maybe I would. But you come back, huh? Come back anytime. We'll talk.

MARLOWE
Okay, Roger. Good night.

M4 INT. WADE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marlowe and Eileen enter.

EILEEN
I think you've earned a drink, Mr. Marlowe.

MARLOWE
I could use one.

EILEEN
He's taken a fancy to you. Scotch or bourbon?

MARLOWE
Bourbon, please. I'm sorry I can't say it's mutual.

EILEEN
I don't suppose you could be persuaded...

MARLOWE
To do what he asked? No.

M4 CONTD

EILEEN
He's a sick man. More so than you might think. He feels he's all through, that he can't write any more. He stares at the paper and nothing comes, and his success is fading away from him. He talks about killing himself. He needs help.

MARLOWE
If he's suicidal, he needs a good psychiatrist. And I'm simply not qualified.

EILEEN
I'm afraid of him.

MARLOWE
You're going to have to solve that problem for yourself.

EILEEN
Yes. Well. I'm grateful to you for all you have done. Did you have any trouble with Verringer?

MARLOWE
Not really. He was trying to get a large sum of money out of Roger, before he let him go. That was why the brush-off this afternoon.

EILEEN
Was it blackmail?

MARLOWE
I'm not sure. Apparently Roger had made some promise to pay him. I thought the whole business had better wait, so I got Roger out with his bank-account intact, but you may hear from Dr. Verringer. Getting late, and it's been a full day for everybody. Thanks for the drink.

EILEEN
You will come back?

CONTINUED

M4 CONTD (2)

MARLOWE
Sure.

EILEEN
And...if I should need you again...

MARLOWE
You just call me. Anytime. Good night.

EILEEN
Good night.

She watches him to the door.

N1 EXT. MARLOWE HOUSE - NIGHT

Marlowe leaves his car in the driveway and walks toward his rural-type mailbox.

N2 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Up the hill above Marlowe's house, a big dark car without lights suddenly starts up and swoops down.

N3 MARLOWE

He never opens the mailbox, but turns as the big dark car stops beside him. MARTY AUGUSTINE and some HOODS get out. Augustine is a big-time racketeer and he dresses the part; expensive, immaculate, and somehow just a little bit wrong.

AUGUSTINE
You kept me waiting, cheapie.

MARLOWE
I'm sorry, Mr. Augustine. I only see hoods by appointment.

One of the hoods cracks him across the face.

HOOD
That's for being smart.

MARLOWE
I'd have got it anyway...it's standard practice. What do you want, Augustine?

CONTINUED

N3 CONTD

AUGUSTINE
I don't talk on sidewalks, cheapie.

N4 INT. MARLOWE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

One of the hoods is going around turning on lights. Augustine inspects the room, his lip curling.

AUGUSTINE
Christ, what a dump. What do you pay for this dump, cheapie?

MARLOWE
Too much. And the name is Marlowe.

Augustine's right hand man hits Marlowe in the belly and shoves him back onto the sofa.

AUGUSTINE
(to other hoods)
Shake it down.

The hoods begin tearing up the place, throwing stuff out of cupboards and drawers, turning back the carpets, etc.

MARLOWE
Hey...!

He begins a protest, but the right-hand man now holds a gun.

MAN
Sit.

Marlowe sits.

MARLOWE
Look, Augustine. I don't gamble, I don't owe you anything, I don't even know you except by sight. So what do you want from me?

AUGUSTINE
You're famous, cheapie. You got your picture in the paper. Everybody knows about you. You run the Mexican taxi service.
(a beat)
You had a deal with Terry Lennox.

N4 CONTD

MARLOWE
What do you mean, deal? He was my friend. I took him.

AUGUSTINE
Bullshit, cheapie. You had a deal. Some kind of a deal.

MARLOWE
I drove Terry to Tijuana because he asked me to. I let him out on the street, he walked away, I never saw him again.

AUGUSTINE
Then you tell me something, cheapie. You tell me why you went back.

MARLOWE
Back where?

AUGUSTINE
To Mexico.

MARLOWE
How do you know I went back to Mexico?

AUGUSTINE
I made it my business to know, cheapie. All of a sudden I got an interest in you.

The chief hood lays the pistol across Marlowe's head, a swift sharp blow to encourage him.

AUGUSTINE
What did you go back for?

MARLOWE
I put a marker on Terry's grave. It seemed as though somebody ought to.

AUGUSTINE
You put a marker on Terry's grave. Jesus. And what else did you do in Otatoclan?

MARLOWE
What did they tell you I did?
(MORE)

N4 CONTD (2)

MARLOWE (Contd)
You or one of your boys must have gone there...that's the only way you could have known.

AUGUSTINE
You were asking about Terry's effects...the stuff he left behind him. Why?

MARLOWE
No special reason. It's just a thing you do.

AUGUSTINE
What was there?

MARLOWE
One wallet, empty, and some keys that don't open any locks in Otatoclan. Everything else had been taken and put to good use. They don't waste things down there just because somebody dies. What's your interest, Marty? It was all in the papers. Why did you go to Mexico?

AUGUSTINE
You got something on your mind, cheapie. Let's have it.

The hoods have finished their search.

HOOD
Nothing here, Mr. Augustine.

AUGUSTINE
You forgot the sofa, stupid.

The right hand man motions with his gun for Marlowe to get up off the sofa.

MAN
Up.

Marlowe gets up. The hoods take the sofa apart.

AUGUSTINE
All right, cheapie. I'm waiting.

CONTINUED

N4 CONTD (3)

MARLOWE
Somebody met Terry after I left him. Somebody took him up there to Otatoclan. Maybe it was one of your boys, maybe it was you. Same difference.

AUGUSTINE
Why would I do that?

MARLOWE
If Terry committed suicide, he went a hell of a long way to do it. But I don't think it was suicide. I think it was murder. I think whoever took him up there killed him.

The hoods finish with the sofa.

HOOD
Nothing, Mr. Augustine.

Augustine waves the men away. He's looking at Marlowe with intense fascination.

MARLOWE
I think some of the locals know more than they're telling. Is that why you went there, Marty? Payoff?

AUGUSTINE
Cheapie, I don't know what to make of you. But I will.

He nods to his men. They go out. Marlowe stands a moment, regarding the wreckage, feeling his bruises. Then he goes out quickly through the kitchen. We hear a back door open and shut.

N5 EXT. MARLOWE HOUSE - NIGHT

Augustine is speaking to a man who nods and starts back up the road. Augustine and the others get into the car and go.

Marlowe comes around the side of the house. He looks after the man walking away, toward another, much smaller car which is parked up the hill. He jumps into his own car and takes off after Augustine.

CONTINUED

N5 CONTD

The lookout, caught flat-footed, turns and shouts indignantly after Marlowe, then begins to run toward his car...then stops running, resigned to the fact that he isn't going to make it.

N6 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Augustine's car comes along the street and turns into a driveway. We follow it, and see that this is the Wade house.

N7 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Marlowe's car. He stops it some distance back from the Wade house and kills the motor, looking at the house in amazement.

MARLOWE
Well, I'll be damned.

N8 HIS POV

Augustine and his men go to the door of the Wade house. Presently Eileen opens the door and the men push their way in.

N9 MARLOWE

Gets out of his car and hurries toward the Wade house.

N10 EXT. WADE HOUSE - NIGHT

Marlowe making his way as silently as possible through the shrubbery, toward the lighted living room window.

N11 MARLOWE

Looking through the window. He can see, but not hear. Inside, Augustine is speaking to Eileen in what appears to be a threatening manner. She looks upset and frightened, making pleading gestures. Augustine makes some final statement and turns to go. Marlowe leaves the window.

N12 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

From behind a tree or a clump of shrubbery, Marlowe watches Augustine and his men come out and drive away. He hesitates, considering going back to the house. Then all the lights in the Wade house go out and he decides not to. He returns to his car.

N13 EXT. MARLOWE HOUSE AND STREET - NIGHT

Marlowe drives past his house and on to where the lookout is sitting in his car. He stops beside it.

MARLOWE
Just checking in. I'm sorry I had to give you the slip like that.

LOOKOUT
I'll just bet you are. The boss'll kill me if he finds out.

MARLOWE
I won't tell him if you don't. You can relax now, uh...what is your name?

LOOKOUT
Harry.

MARLOWE
Okay, Harry, I'm going to bed. Can I get you anything first? Cup of coffee, a beer?

LOOKOUT
We ain't supposed to fraternize Anyway, I brought some stuff. I learned a long time ago, on these tail jobs...

MARLOWE
That's smart. A man can't do a good job with his stomach growling. Say, Harry, just between us... what does Marty Augustine think I've got that he wants?

LOOKOUT
He only tells me what to do. He don't tell me why.

MARLOWE
Mm. Well, good night.

He turns the car around and goes back to his house. He leaves the car in the drive and starts up the steps, then recollects the mail and goes to the box. He pulls out a handful of stuff without really looking at it... it's fairly dark...and goes on up the steps.

N14 INT. MARLOWE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As Marlowe enters. He drops the handful of mail, which appears to be mostly circulars, on the table and fixes himself a drink, looking sourly around at the mess, kicking some things out of the way. He begins to glance through the mail without much interest...until suddenly he spots a letter and is transfixed.

N15 MARLOWE AND THE LETTER

The envelope is foreign-looking, rumpled and soiled as though it's been a long time on the way. The stamps are Mexican. Marlowe holds the letter closer to the light to read the postmark.

MARLOWE
Otatoclan. Jesus.

He rips open the envelope, extracts the letter and unfolds it. Something drops out but he pays no attention; he's reading the note.

MARLOWE
Good bye, Phil...I'm sorry.
Terry. Jesus. Christ. Terry.

He looks now to see what dropped, picks up a bill.

N16 INSERT

A $5000. bill in Marlowe's hands.

MARLOWE
Five thousand dollars!?

O1 EXT. MARLOWE HOUSE AND STREET - DAY

Marlowe reversing out of the drive. He horns and waves.

O2 EXT. STREET - DAY

The lookout starts his car and follows Marlowe.

O3 EXT. WADE HOUSE - DAY

Marlowe rings the doorbell. Presently Roger opens the door. He's looking much better for a night's sleep, sober and free from sedation; he seems almost euphoric.

ROGER
Well, you came back. I didn't think you would.

CONTINUED

03 CONTD

MARLOWE
Not too early, I hope.

ROGER
Early, hell. I've been around for hours.

MARLOWE
So have I, but I had a little cleaning up to do.

04 INT. WADE HOUSE - DAY

As Marlowe comes in.

MARLOWE
You're looking better.

ROGER
All I needed was to get away from Verringer and his frigging needles. But you don't look so good, little buddy. Whose stairs did you fall down?

He is looking at the prominent mark left on Marlowe's forehead by the pistol-whipping...which Marlowe has made no effort to conceal.

MARLOWE
Had a little run-in with Marty Augustine last night. I think I gave him a wrong answer.

ROGER
Marty, huh? You don't want to fool around with him. Come on in the study. Don't mind me doing the honors. Themaid quit this morning...they come and go so fast around here I can't keep track. My lady wife's gone, too.

MARLOWE
Gone?

ROGER
Just for the day, I hope. We had a real old-fashioned wallbanger this morning. That's when the maid left. Couldn't stand the noise, I reckon.

05 INT. STUDY - DAY

Roger and Marlowe.

ROGER
Maybe some day we'll get lucky and find one that's stone deaf. Sit down. Scotch or bourbon?

MARLOWE
Nothings, thanks.

ROGER
Ah, shit. Don't you think I've got balls enough to stay away from the stuff if I want to? Have a drink.

MARLOWE
Okay. Bourbon, then.

ROGER
What's on your mind, little buddy?

MARLOWE
Just wanted to see how you were doing.

ROGER
Did you think about what I said?

MARLOWE
The answer's still no.

ROGER
Are you scared of me, Marlowe?

MARLOWE
I'd be scared of trying to tell you what to do.

ROGER
Not cut out to be a father-figure, huh? But that's not what I'm looking for. All I want is somebody to talk to. You know how important that is, Marlowe? Somebody to talk to...

MARLOWE
Or somebody to listen?

ROGER
Same thing, isn't it?

CONTINUED

05 CONTD

MARLOWE
Not exactly. Look, I don't mind talking, and I don't mind listening, but not on any basis of obligation.

ROGER
Independent son of a bitch. Is that what got you in trouble with Marty Augustine?
(Marlowe gives a noncommital shrug)
How much are you into him for?

MARLOWE
I'm not exactly sure.

ROGER
Whatever he says it is, you better pay off. You need some money? I can lend you anything you want.

MARLOWE
No, thanks. You know Marty pretty well, huh?

ROGER
Know him? Christ. Would you like to guess how much Marty Augustine owes me, right now, today? No? Well, I'll tell you. Fifty thousand bucks, Marlowe. Fifty thousand.

MARLOWE
Jesus. Won't he pay?

ROGER
Oh, he'll pay. He'll pay. I don't worry about that.

MARLOWE
You must play in a lot of luck, Roger. Fifty thousand! Most people lose their shirts.

ROGER
It ain't luck, little buddy. It's brains. These goddam gamblers aren't so smart. It's just that the suckers are so Christ-awful
(MORE)

CONTINUED

05 CONTD (2)

ROGER (Contd)
dumb. You want to know how to bet the pools, you just come to me. You don't have to nurse that drink, you know. We got nothing but booze around here.

MARLOWE
It's a little strong.

ROGER
Oh shit, don't tell me you're one of those. I thought better of you. Whisky's fine and water's fine, but by God not together. And I never knew a man worth shaking hands with who didn't drink his liquor straight.

MARLOWE
There are times and times. I'd like some water, thanks.

Roger takes the glass over to the drinks table. Unseen by Marlowe, he adds a little water, then pours in more whisky.

MARLOWE
Did you know Terry Lennox?

ROGER
Augustine's Number One right-hand ass-kisser? Sure I knew him. If you knew Marty, you had to. Son of a bitch.

MARLOWE
Didn't like him, huh?

ROGER
He murdered his wife and ran like a yellow cur... This better?

MARLOWE
Thanks.

ROGER
And then he took his tiny gun and blew his tiny brains out. Just like that. Bang. Suicide. You ever think about suicide, Marlowe?

05 CONTD (3)

MARLOWE
Professionally, yes. Personally, no. Did you know Sylvia?

ROGER
Who?

MARLOWE
Sylvia Lennox. Terry's wife.

ROGER
Christ, I don't know. I may have met her. So you never thought of killing yourself, Marlowe?
(fondling his gun collection)
What makes your life so wonderful that you want to go on with it? Are you so rich, so good-looking? Have you got so many women, so much booze, so much food, so many goodies, that you just can't let go? Shit. You haven't got anything, Marlowe. What do you want to live for? Just to see the sun come up in the morning? And you can'teven see that for the fucking smog.

MARLOWE
Oh, Mistress Death! I think I'll appropriate your favorite word, Roger. Shit.

ROGER
That provesyou haven't thought about it. It's beautiful, Marlowe. Sweet, silken, swift. How's that for words? I live by words, and when they run away from me, I die.

He holds a revolver now, as though it's some mystical object.

ROGER
Think of the power. You can spit right in God's eye. You gaveth, Old Man, but it's me that taketh away. ...Think of the power to punish.

CONTINUED

05 CONTD (4)

MARLOWE
Punish who?

ROGER
Yourself. The world. God.

MARLOWE
Or somebody you're mad at, like your wife. Is that why you went to Verringer? Is that why you needed him so badly? Were you going to kill yourself?

ROGER
Have another drink, little buddy. You're doing me a lot of good, sitting there slopping it down, proving to me that I can stay away from it. No arguments. I'm feeling good today. You don't want to make me feel bad. Why won't you stay with me, Marlowe? You don't like me... is that it?

MARLOWE
You don't need me, you need a psychiatrist. Or your ass kicked. I don't know which. You're a ham, Roger. A poseur. You need a fresh new audience, that's why you want me around. Somebody who doesn't know the act by heart.

ROGER
You hit hard, don't you? But that's what I want. Somebody with guts enough to tell me the truth. Everybody lies to me, Marlowe. All my friends. They're all ass-kissers. They tell me I'm great, the rough-hewn genius of the age, and they drink my booze and paw my wife and laugh at me behind my back. What I need is somebody I can trust...

DISSOLVE TO

06 ROGER AND MARLOWE

Another drink being shoved in Marlowe's hand, and Marlowe is getting pretty drunk.

CONTINUED

06 CONTD

MARLOWE
You are a shit, Roger. A real shit. You have to lean on people, you have to squash them, beat them out of shape, make 'em lie down and roll over. You can't take no for an answer. I am not going to stay with you. Now why don't you get to your type-writer, rough-hewn country genius? Stop whining and start working. That's the only way you'll ever get your book done.

ROGER
I think you are right, little buddy. I think you are absolutely right. You see? You are what I need.

Roger goes to the desk, inserts paper in the typewriter, thinks a minute, and then begins to pound the keys. Marlowe shakes his head and takes a gulp out of the fresh drink.

DISSOLVE TO

P1 INT. WADE STUDY - NIGHT

Marlowe has passed out on the couch. He is sleeping peacefully, but there is the hell and all of a party going on in the house. The sounds of revelry penetrate his slumber, dragging him back reluctantly to wakefulness. He sits up, still pretty fuzzy and not quite sure where he is. It begins to come back to him ...Roger's study, a lot of booze...

He goes into Roger's bathroom. We hear water running. He comes out again, looking more awake, hair combed and tie straightened. He remembers something and goes to Roger's desk. There are no pages of typescript beside the typewriter, but desk and floor are littered with crumpled balls of yellow paper. Marlowe shakes his head and wanders out.

P2 INT. WADE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Roger is enthroned, holding forth to a bunch of his cronies...free-loaders and hangers-on who pretend to admire his act and who accept his bullying. He is quite drunk, and the booze is flowing freely.

Marlowe enters. Eileen, who is keeping as clear of the mess as possible and still play hostess, greets him.

CONTINUED

P2 CONTD

EILEEN
Well, the sleeping beauty! If this didn't wake you up, nothing would. Can I get you a drink?

MARLOWE
God, no. I told you I wouldn't make a good wet-nurse. In fact, I think I need one myself. I'm sorry.

EILEEN
Nothing to be sorry about.
(as Marlowe surveys the goings-on)
Roger got bored with hard work and sobriety, and rang up a few of his friends. That took care of the new maid...she walked in, looked around, and walked right out again.

Roger now takes notice of Marlowe. Actually he's been watching him and Eileen.

ROGER
Hey, little buddy, come over here and meet the gang.

EILEEN
Excuse me.

She turns away to serve somebody a drink. Marlowe crosses to Roger.

ROGER
Gang, this is Marlowe. I don't know if he's got a front name or not. He's a shamus. You know what a shamus is? Nah, you're too young. I'll tell you. A shamus is a peeper, a snooper, a private dick...detective to you little ones. Ain't that so, Marlowe?

Marlowe nods. There is a good deal of laughter, AD LIB greetings, etc., from the group. They enjoy seeing somebody guyed.

ROGER
And Marlowe is good. He is so good that outof all the peepers
(MORE)

CONTINUED

P2 CONTD (3)

ROGER (Contd)
and snoopers in L.A. County, my wife could just open up the phone book and unerringly pick Marlowe. Eileen...hey, Eileen. Tiny wife. Tell me, just for fun...what made you pick Marlowe from among all the rest?

The front door chime begins to RING.

EILEEN
I didn't know one from the other. I just took a chance.

ROGER
There must have been something that made Marlowe look better than the others. The sound of his name, maybe? Or did he have an ad...Satisfaction Guaranteed, Special Rates to Lovely Ladies. Come on. Why Marlowe?

EILEEN
There's someone at the door.
(she goes)

MARLOWE
How did the writing go, big buddy? Did you finish your chapter?
(Roger likes not the needle)
Good night, Roger.

ROGER
What are you sore about? Stick around. The party's just getting warm.

MARLOWE
Sorry. I have an appointment.

Marlowe starts out, but halts as Dr. Verringer enters, with Eileen behind him. Roger reacts.

ROGER
What are you doing here? I told you never to...

CONTINUED

P2 CONTD (4)

VERRINGER
Roger. You and I have some business to discuss. Do you want to discuss it here, in front of all your friends, or would you prefer to do it in private?

Again this quiet little man has the upper hand. Roger swings his head and snorts like an angry bull, blustering.

ROGER
All right, all right. Come on in the study. Go ahead, gang. I'll be right back.

P3 MARLOWE AND EILEEN

Together. They watch Roger and Verringer go out; they look at each other. Then Marlowe slips out of the room.

P4 THE FOYER

Marlowe crosses quietly toward the study door. It is partly open and we hear the sound of voices inside.

ROGER
I don't like you coming here, God damn it...

VERRINGER
That is your fault, Roger.

P5 MARLOWE'S POV - THE STUDY

Roger and Verringer.

VERRINGER
You owe me five thousand dollars. You will pay me what you owe me.

ROGER
This is my house, Verringer. You can't come in here and bully me around the way you do up there at Sunnyside...

VERRINGER
I shall not leave until I get my money. Write out the check, Roger.

CONTINUED

P5 CONTD

ROGER
You can go fuck yourself for the check.

Verringer slaps him, a stinging blow across the face.

VERRINGER
Write it.

For a moment it is not quite clear what Roger will do... kill Verringer or burst into tears. At length he goes with a peculiar quiet obedience to the desk, gets a check pad out of a drawer, writes the check and hands it to Verringer.

VERRINGER
Thank you, Roger.

P6 MARLOWE

He retreats quickly to the living room.

P7 INT. WADE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marlowe and Eileen.

EILEEN
What happened?

MARLOWE
Roger paid him. Five thousand dollars.

EILEEN
Five thousand...!

She goes into the foyer.

P8 THE FOYER

Verringer is on his way to the front door. Marlowe in living room, in b.g. Eileen stops Verringer.

EILEEN
Dr. Verringer...

VERRINGER
I apologize for this intrusion, Mrs. Wade...but your husband dislikes paying his bills. I've had
(MORE)

P8 CONTD

VERRINGER (Contd)
trouble with him before...so much trouble that I shall refuse to accept him as a patient again.

EILEEN
But...

Roger comes out of the study, stands glowering at them. Eileen shuts up, frightened.

VERRINGER
Good night, Mrs. Wade.

Giving Marlowe a scornful look, Verringer goes. Eileen turns back into the living room.

P9 INT. WADE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eileen brightly playing hostess, hoping that there will be safety in numbers and the storm will pass over.

EILEEN
Your glass is empty...and how about you? Ready for another?

Roger enters. He looks sullen thunder at Eileen, at Marlowe, at everybody. He goes to the drinks cabinet, or bar, picks up a bottle, tips it, and gulps down the raw liquor. Then he looks at Marlowe.

ROGER
I thought you were leaving, little buddy. Still hanging around? What's the attraction? As if I didn't know.
(looks at Eileen)

EILEEN
Roger, please. You have guests.

ROGER
Fuck the guests. You still just sniffing, Marlowe? Or did you make it yesterday, while I was tucked away in that hole? Don't be shy, she sleeps around. You might as well have a piece of it, everybody else does.

Eileen throws the empty glass she's holding at Roger,

P9 CONTD

then goes out through the French doors into the garden. Roger turns on the guests.

ROGER
What're you sitting around gawping for? Getout. Getout, every god-dam one of you. Git! Including you, Marlowe, little buddy boy. Especially you. And don't come back.

MARLOWE
What has Verringer got on you, Roger?

ROGER
He's got nothing on me.

MARLOWE
He must have something, or you wouldn't let him slap your face like that. Verringer's what you're really mad about, not this other bullshit.

ROGER
I ought to kill you, Marlowe. If I see you here again, I will, so help me.

He goes. Marlowe watches him stride furiously into the study and slam the door.

The last of the guests depart. Marlowe is alone. He hesitates, doesn't see Eileen, and decides he had better go too. He starts out of the room. Eileen speaks to him from the French door.

EILEEN
Mr. Marlowe... Please...will you stay? I know him when he goes into these rages. I'm afraid.

MARLOWE
Wouldn't it be better if you left? You could go to an hotel, or stay with friends...

EILEEN
I did that once. He smashed every-thing in the house that belonged
(MORE)

P9 CONTD

EILEEN (Contd)
to me, and then fell down the stairs and lay unconscious for hours. He could have died. I don't dare to leave. Just for a little while? You could keep out of sight.

MARLOWE
All right. Mrs. Wade...

EILEEN
Eileen.

MARLOWE
Eileen. Tell me one thing. Roger said he'd taken Marty Augustine for fifty thousand dollars. Is that true?

EILEEN
He always has to pretend he's won. Actually, he lost. Nothing like that much, of course.

MARLOWE
Then he owes Marty. And he's making him wait?

EILEEN
As Dr. Verringer said...Roger hates to part with money.

MARLOWE
And Marty's getting impatient?

The SOUND of the study door opening o.s. interrupts them.

ROGER (O.S.)
(shouting)
Eileen!

Marlowe goes out through the French doors, where he can watch without being seen. Eileen busies herself about the room, picking at the debris of glasses and overflowing ashtrays.

P10 INT. WADE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Roger enters.

P10 CONTD

ROGER
Here you are. Why the hell didn't you answer me? Everybody gone?

EILEEN
Yes, Roger. Everybody's gone.

Roger takes another pull on the bottle. He watches Eileen. She starts out of the room with a load of glasses. He knocks them out of her hands, sending stuff cascading all over the floor and nearby furniture.

ROGER
What did Verringer say to you?

EILEEN
Nothing.

ROGER
Don't lie to me, you rotten little bitch. I saw him talking to you.

EILEEN
All right! He said you wouldn't pay your bills and he didn't want you as a patient any more.

ROGER
He wouldn't say that. Not about me. Marlowe. That shit Marlowe. Does he know why I went to Verringer?

EILEEN
No.

ROGER
That shit Marlowe. You don't let your bed get cold, do you? One out, one in...

EILEEN
Roger, no...please...I didn't...

ROGER
Everybody's welcome in that bed but me. You lie there and laugh at me...

He starts beating her. Marlowe comes in.

P10 CONTD (2)

MARLOWE
Roger!

Roger is too intent on his work and making too much noise to hear him. Marlowe gets between Roger and Eileen. He hits Roger as hard as he can and then waits for annihilation, with Roger looming over him like a mountain.

MARLOWE
Big man!

Roger seems stricken in some odd way. He seems to shrink in upon himself. All his truculence melts away.

ROGER
You dirty bitch, you kept him here.

He does not go for Marlowe. Instead he turns on Eileen ...verbally now, not physically.

ROGER
You remember what happened with the Lennoxes. It can happen again. I don't have to take shit from anybody!

He charges out. Marlowe helps Eileen up.

MARLOWE
You all right?

She nods. Marlowe helps her to a chair. The study door SLAMS o.s., violently.

P11 THE FOYER

Marlowe comes from the living room. He listens...there are crashing noises from inside the study, Roger's muffled voice in an ecstasy of hysterical rage screaming obscenities.

P12 INT. WADE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marlowe and Eileen, as Marlowe returns.

MARLOWE
He's wrecking the study.

CONTINUED

P12 CONTD

EILEEN
You showed him up, you see. He only beats women, but he wants to pretend, even to me, that he's really the big tough fearless male. Poor Roger, I suppose I ought to feel sorry for him. That's what all the books say.

MARLOWE
Rot. What happens next?

EILEEN
Usually he passes out, wakes up the next morning with a hangover and very little memory of what happened. Will you get me a drink, Phil, please?

MARLOWE
What did he mean about the Lennoxes?

EILEEN
I don't know. He says so many crazy things.

MARLOWE
Sylvia Lennox was beaten to death. Was he threatening to kill you the same way?

EILEEN
He may have been, I don't know. What am I going to do, Phil? I may as well face it, I've got a lunatic on my hands...

MARLOWE
Separation. Divorce. Try and have him committed, which isn't as easy as it sounds. How well did he know Sylvia Lennox?

EILEEN
I don't know. I haven't any idea. He knew Terry, but I don't think...very well. It was a terrible tragedy. So senseless.

CONTINUED

P12 CONTD (2)

MARLOWE
Most tragedies are. Did you know the Lennoxes?

EILEEN
I'd met them, that's all. He didn't seem...

MARLOWE
Like the kind of man who would beat his wife to death and then kill himself. No, he didn't.

He has been listening to the noises from the study o.s. They have nowsubsided.

MARLOWE
I think he's quieted down. You say he didn't know Terry Lennox very well, but he seems to have hated him rather viciously. How would you explain that?

EILEEN
I just don't know. And if you're expecting Roger to make sense about his personal relationships, don't. People like him don't need any real reason for hate. Didn't Mr. Lennox say anything to you...on all that long drive?

MARLOWE
No. Maybe he didn't have anything to say.
(quoting Roger)
...what happened with the Lennoxes can happen again, I don't have to take shit from anybody. Who would you say he was taking it from?

EILEEN
I don't know. Why don't you get a drink, Phil? You look as though you need one.

MARLOWE
Perhaps I will. Did Roger ever talk about the Lennoxes? About Sylvia?

EILEEN
No.

CONTINUED

P12 CONTD (3)

MARLOWE
Yet Sylvia was beaten to death, and the same thing could happen to you. Was he having an affair with her?

EILEEN
Please don't ask me these questions. I can't answer them.

MARLOWE
Was he having an affair with someone you didn't know? Someone who could have been Sylvia?

EILEEN
No.

MARLOWE
Where was he when Sylvia was killed?

Eileen gets up and goes determinedly toward the door.

MARLOWE
Where are you going?

EILEEN
To the bathroom. I need an aspirin. I need several aspirin.

MARLOWE
End of conversation.

Eileen exits to the foyer. Marlowe fiddles with his drink, in deep thought.

There is the SOUND OF A GUNSHOT o.s. from the closed study.

Marlowe runs for the doorway.

P13 THE FOYER

Marlowe comes out of the living room, Eileen out of the powder room which opens off the foyer.

EILEEN
What was that?

MARLOWE
A shot.

CONTINUED

P12 CONTD (4)

He goes to the study door, tries it. It's locked. He pounds on it, shouts.

MARLOWE
Roger. Roger!

No answer. White-faced, Eileen speaks to Marlowe.

EILEEN
He may just be shamming. He's done this before, to frighten me.

MARLOWE
Roger?

No answer. Marlowe kicks the door open, breaking the lock. He looks inside, then turns and catches Eileen, to stop her going in.

MARLOWE
Never mind, Eileen. This time he wasn't shamming.

Q1 INT. WADE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eileen sits, looking stunned, with Marlowe hovering protectively. People are coming and going; lab men, photographer, ambulance men, cops. In the doorway of the room a DETECTIVE is huddled in private conversation with a man who holds a doctor's bag. The detective is making notes.

The medical man leaves. The detective returns to Eileen and Marlowe.

MARLOWE
What did the M.E. have to say?

DETECTIVE
What would you expect him to say, Mr. Marlowe? Now, if you'll just run through a few of these points in your statement, Mrs. Wade...

MARLOWE
The lady's had a hard day, she's told you everything, why don't you let her alone?

Q1 CONTD

DETECTIVE
(quite impersonal)
This won't take long. I will read back to you your statement about your husband, Mrs. Wade. Please listen carefully.
(reads)
Roger was an alcoholic, he was very depressed about his work, he had threatened suicide on a number of occasions, I think he had been under some kind of psychiatric care. Question, Don't you know? Answer, He kept it secret from me, but Dr. Verringer can tell you. At the Sunnyside Spa. Is that correct?

EILEEN
Yes.

DETECTIVE
You hired Mr. Marlowe to get your husband away from Dr. Verringer's care. Why?

EILEEN
I hired Mr. Marlowe to find my husband. I had no idea where he was at the time, and I was worried.

MARLOWE
Roger left Verringer's of his own free will. He wanted to leave.

DETECTIVE
Is this list of witnesses to your husband's behaviour at the party substantially correct?

EILEEN
(looks at it)
Yes.

DETECTIVE
Your husband was upset about Verringer's visit, he threw everybody out of the house, and then came back and found you alone with Mr. Marlowe...

Q1 CONTD (2)

EILEEN
He found me alone, period. I had asked Mr. Marlowe to wait because I was afraid. As you can see, I had reason.

MARLOWE
The lady and I only met yesterday. Hardly time enough to develop a steaming passion. I told you, I was out on the terrace.

DETECTIVE
Your husband began beating you, Mrs. Wade. Do you know why?

EILEEN
He thought, or pretended to think, that I was lying to him about what Dr. Verringer had said.

DETECTIVE
About rejecting him as a patient.

EILEEN
That's right.

DETECTIVE
And when did Mr. Marlowe come in?

EILEEN
As soon as he saw what was happening.

DETECTIVE
He didn't fight with your husband?

EILEEN
There was no need to. My husband was a coward, I suppose I have to admit that. He ran off to the study and locked himself in.

DETECTIVE
And then you heard him breaking things.

EILEEN
That was nothing unusual for Roger.

DETECTIVE
You didn't try to stop him.

Q1 CONTD (3)

MARLOWE
No, we knew he was going to blow his brains out and we didn't want to interrupt his train of thought. Besides, we were busy having an affair. For Christ's sake! What do you want? Mrs. Wade was trying to wipe the blood off her face... she was in there taking aspirin when we heard the shot. Roger was a psycho. He talked to me about death...suicide...this afternoon. Beautiful, he said. Sweet, silken, swift. He seemed fascinated by the recent suicide of a man he knew.

DETECTIVE
Oh? Who was that?

MARLOWE
Terry Lennox. Maybe that tipped Roger over the edge. Maybe it was something else. But he was ready and waiting to be tipped.

DETECTIVE
And there was no more definite motive you can think of, Mrs. Wade, that he might have had for killing himself? Marital problems, perhaps?

EILEEN
It must be quite obvious that our marriage was not flourishing. But that was nothing new, either.

DETECTIVE
We'd like you to come down to Headquarters and sign a statement.

MARLOWE
Mrs. Wade's can wait until tomorrow, can't it? I'll come with you.

EILEEN
Please? I really don't feel up to it.

DETECTIVE
I guess that'll be all right.
(MORE)

CONTINUED

Q1 CONTD (4)

DETECTIVE (Contd)
I'll leave someone here with you. Come on, Marlowe.

MARLOWE
(to Eileen)
This won't take long. I'll be back.

R1 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

A uniformed COP opens the door for Marlowe. As Marlowe crosses to the living room, the cop resumes his seat in a chair in the foyer, making a note of Marlowe's arrival and the time.

R2 INT. WADE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eileen and Marlowe, as Marlowe enters. There is a coffee service on the table.

EILEEN
Was there any trouble?

MARLOWE
How could there be any trouble? They look at all the angles, that's their job, but they can't make this one anything but suicide. How are you feeling?

EILEEN
Blank. Terribly tired. No grief. No grief at all. That's not right, is it?

MARLOWE
May I have some of that coffee?

EILEEN
I'm sorry... It's just that all at once the house is so quiet. I asked a friend to come and stay the nightwith me...the watchdog out there isn't much in the way of company. Will you stay with me until she comes?

MARLOWE
Of course. Eileen...you lied about Roger. You were covering for him.

R2 CONTD

EILEEN
In what way?

MARLOWE
He killed Sylvia Lennox, didn't he?

EILEEN
Can't you let that alone?

MARLOWE
Not until you tell me the truth. Roger's dead now, you don't have to defend him any longer.

EILEEN
Yes, he's dead. They're all dead. So what difference does it make?

MARLOWE
Terry Lennox was my friend. If he didn't kill his wife, I want that known. And if it is known, perhaps the police will be more interested in finding out what really happened to Terry.

EILEEN
What...really happened?

MARLOWE
Somebody killed him as sure as I'm standing here, and I want to know who.

EILEEN
But he confessed...

MARLOWE
Why would he confess if he didn't do it? And you know he didn't do it. So the note was a forgery. Why was Marty Augustine here last night?
(she looks startled, doesn't answer)
I followed him from my place. He and his boys had a field day with me...what did I know about Terry, what kind of a deal did I have with him. Marty knows something. What did he want with you?

R2 CONTD (2)

EILEEN
Just what you said. Roger owed him money. He was getting impatient.

Her thoughts are far away.

MARLOWE
He didn't say anything about Terry?

EILEEN
No.

MARLOWE
Okay. Now, look, Eileen. I want the truth, and I don't give a damn about Roger Wade, his memory or his reputation, so stop playing the faithful wife. Did Roger kill Sylvia Lennox?

EILEEN
Yes. He killed her.

MARLOWE
Go on, tell me about it.

EILEEN
He was having an affair with Sylvia. You asked why he hated Terry Lennox ...it was because of her. He was jealous. And I think perhaps Terry had found out about them. I think perhaps Sylvia wanted to break it off. Roger went to see her that day, and I knew it. He didn't come back. When I heard that she'd been beaten to death I knew it had to be Roger. But... he was my husband, I felt I had to protect him. And then there was Terry's death, and the confession, and I didn't know what to think.

MARLOWE
But you're sure now that Roger did it.

EILEEN
Yes. I'm sure.

CONTINUED

R2 CONTD (3)

MARLOWE
Will you tell that to the police?

EILEEN
Yes.

MARLOWE
I'll go down in the morning and talk to Farmer.

S1 INT. FARMER'S OFFICE - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Farmer looks up from his desk as Marlowe enters.

FARMER
I can give you five minutes, Marlowe. What do you want?

MARLOWE
I want the Lennox case reopened.

FARMER
On what grounds?

MARLOWE
I have new evidence.

FARMER
Care to tell me?

MARLOWE
Mrs. Roger Wade is prepared to testify that her husband was having an affair with Sylvia Lennox, and that he was with her on the day she died. He disappeared that same day. Furthermore, Roger Wade was a psycho drunk with a special passion for beating women. A real nut. He killed himself last night.

FARMER
I know about that. And this is your new evidence?

MARLOWE
What's wrong with it?

FARMER
Nothing, except it isn't new.
(MORE)

T1 CONTD (2)

VERRINGER (Contd)
wife to know that he requires every so often to be spanked like a baby?

MARLOWE
So you decided to stop spanking him, and he killed himself.

VERRINGER
Our relationship had deteriorated. He was building up a formidable resentment...a not unusual reaction. I was no longer able to help him. As to why he killed himself, who knows? Roger had long ago lost touch with reality. He lived in his own world. Who can say what made him want to leave it?

MARLOWE
Yes, who indeed. Well, I won't trouble you again, Doctor.

T2 EXT. MAIN OFFICE - SUNNYSIDE SPA - DAY

Marlowe comes out, looking beaten. He plods to his car and drives away.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

U1 INT. MARLOWE'S OFFICE - DAY

Marlowe at the telephone, making a call.

MARLOWE
Hello...Wade residence? This is Philip Marlowe again. Has Mrs. Wade come back yet? I see. Okay, thank you. I'll try later.

He hangs up. After a minute or two he reaches into a drawer and brings out the office bottle, gets up and draws a cup of water from the cooler. As he returns to the desk he picks up the automatic message recorder.

RECORDED VOICE
This is the Southside Finance Company. Your account is now two months in arrears. If you do not remit...

CONTINUED

U1 CONTD

MARLOWE
Remit, remit! Keep your pants on. You are dealing with a wealthy man now. I own a portrait of Madison.

DISSOLVE TO

V1 INSERT - NIGHT

The portrait of Madison on the $5000. bill. It's lying on a table. We hear OVER a telephone dial spinning.

V2 INT. MARLOWE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marlowe on the phone, making a call.

MARLOWE
Hello, Eileen? Finally caught you. This is Phil. Yeah, I know, the lawyers and the red tape and all that jazz. You getting it straightened out? Good. Did you pay off Marty Augustine? I'm glad to hear it. That was important. You okay? Good. Uh...Eileen...I was just wondering if I could... Yeah, sure, of course...I understand. Later in the week, then. Take care of yourself. 'Bye.

He puts the phone down and returns to the table. He has a drink and the inevitable cigarette. He sits down and picks up the portrait of Madison, staring at it moodily as though it could tell him a lot if it would only speak. It doesn't...and all of a sudden there are SOUNDS from outside, o.s....a car halting, feet thumping up the steps, a banging on the door. Marlowe hastily shoves the $5000. bill out of sight, under something. The door bursts open. Marty Augustine's Number One hood and a couple of others come in. Number One man has a gun.

MAN
The boss man wants to see.

W1 INT. MARTY AUGUSTINE'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A room, fairly large and bare, suitable for beating people up in. Harry the lookout and a couple of other thugs are there. Marlowe is pacing up and down.

CONTINUED

W1 CONTD

HARRY THE LOOKOUT
Sit down. You make me nervous.

MARLOWE
I make you nervous! What is this, anyway? I thought Marty wanted to see me...

HARRY THE LOOKOUT
Mr. Augustine will see you when he gets good and damned ready. So why don't you just...

He is interrupted by the opening of a door. Marty Augustine comes in with his Number One man. They shut the door behind them with a kind of unpleasant finality. Augustine nods to Harry and the others; they gang up around Marlowe.

MARLOWE
Now listen, Augustine...

AUGUSTINE
Shut up, cheapie. Okay. Time has gone by and I'm tired of fooling around. My boys are tired of following you...you don't go to very interesting places, and Harry's getting ulcers eating at the dumps you eat at...

HARRY
I can't take all that chili size.

AUGUSTINE
So I'll tell you what. If you know anything, talk. If you don't know anything, that's too bad, because I am going to beat the living shit out of you.

MARLOWE
How the hell can I talk when I don't know what you want me to talk about?

AUGUSTINE
About Terry Lennox, cheapie. That's what I want to hear. Terry Lennox had a suitcase, remember?

CONTINUED

W1 CONTD (2)

MARLOWE
Yeah. What about it?

AUGUSTINE
That suitcase happened to have three hundred and sixty thousand bucks of my money in it. He was supposed to smuggle that dough into Mexico, but he wasn't supposed to disappear with it. I want to know what you know about it.

MARLOWE
Three hundred and sixty thou... Christ! In that suitcase?

AUGUSTINE
In that suitcase, cheapie.

MARLOWE
But I didn't know...I don't know...

Augustine hits him.

AUGUSTINE
You don't think he committed suicide, cheapie. Neither do I. A man with that much bread in his hands don't kill himself.

MARLOWE
I told you...I thought he was... murdered...

AUGUSTINE
Maybe he was. Maybe somebody found he had all that money and took it off him. Maybe you, cheapie, his old pal. Maybe you got it stashed somewhere...

MARLOWE
No!

AUGUSTINE
Or maybe you helped him figure out a way to get clear with it, for a split. Maybe he's still alive, sitting on the stuff and laughing at me. Maybe you're
(MORE)

W1 CONTD (3)

AUGUSTINE (Contd)
laughing at me too, cheapie, huh? Maybe you think it's very funny to steal three hundred and sixty grand from Marty Augustine?

He hits Marlowe again, and then the others start in on him while Marty stands by watching. They are giving Marlowe one hell of a beating, in spite of his protests.

All at once a door opens and a man comes in. He speaks apart to Augustine, who speaks to his Number One, who signals to the other hoods. They drop Marlowe, literally, and walk out of the room.

Marlowe flops around feebly like a gaffed fish, trying to get himself together.

Marty and some of the others come back into the room. Marlowe braces himself for a continuation of the beating, but they pay no attention to him. They're not even looking his way. Marty and Number One are talking together in low voices. They pass by Marlowe heading for a door at the other end of the room. Marlowe watches them.

MARLOWE
Hey... What about me?

AUGUSTINE
Go buy yourself a hamburger, cheapie.

They all exit through the far door. Marlowe, completely at a loss, struggles to his feet and totters out the other way.

X1 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Marlowe staggers out of a side doorway into the alley, moves along it toward the street.

X2 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

At the mouth of the alley, Marlowe pauses to lean against a wall and get his breath. He sees something o.s. that startles him.

X3 HIS POV

Eileen comes out of the front door of the building he

CONTINUED

X3 CONTD

has just left by the side door. She hurries to her car at the curb and drives away.

X4 EXT. STREET - MARLOWE - NIGHT

The traffic is fairly heavy, moving slowly. Marlowe follows Eileen's car on foot, trying to overtake it, trying to attract her attention, but she is intent on the traffic and always one jump ahead of him, out of reach.

X5 MARLOWE AND COP

Just as it looks as though Marlowe may catch the car at the next traffic light, he runs into a large uniformed COP who regards his dishevelled appearance and unsteady gait with suspicion. He's been watching Marlowe's erratic progress.

COP
What little game are you playing at, friend?

MARLOWE
Somebody I know...in that car. I was trying...

COP
Oh, yeah? How many did you have, friend?

MARLOWE
I didn't have any. I just got beaten up...

Eileen's car is irretrievably gone.

COP
You ought to stay out of those places. Now, you gonna get yourself off the street or must I take you?

MARLOWE
Okay, okay.

He signals a passing taxi and gets in.

Y1 EXT. WADE HOUSE - NIGHT

The taxi pulls up in front. The house looks unusually dark, only a few lights showing.

Y1 CONTD

MARLOWE
Wait, please.

He goes to the front door, rings the bell. Presently a WOMAN opens it.

WOMAN
Are you from the real estate people?

MARLOWE
What real estate people? I want to see Mrs. Wade.

WOMAN
She isn't here.

MARLOWE
When do you expect her back?

WOMAN
I couldn't say. She just left me with instructions to get the house ready for showing.

MARLOWE
Let me get this straight. The house is up for sale?

WOMAN
That's right.

MARLOWE
And where is Mrs. Wade?

WOMAN
She didn't tell me where she was going. She just packed her bags and left.

MARLOWE
I see. Thank you.

He returns to the taxi.

Y2 EXT. MARLOWE HOUSE AND STREET - NIGHT

Marlowe pays off the taxi in front of his house. He sees his mail box is hanging open. He goes to shut it, sees something inside, and takes out an envelope. Painfully, he starts up the steps.

Y3 INT. MARLOWE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marlowe opens the envelope, takes out a note and a $500. bill.

MARLOWE
Five hundred bucks. Suddenly everybody's sending me money.
(reads the note)
You never sent me a bill...I hope this covers. Thank you, Phil. Good bye. Eileen.
(drops the note)
Thank you, Phil. Good bye.

He gets the $5000. bill out of its hiding place and puts the $500. bill beside it. He looks at them. Abruptly he slams open the door of a closet, takes out a suitcase and disappears with it into the bedroom.

Z1 EXT. STREET - OTATOCLAN - DAY

Marlowe striding purposefully toward a building.

Z2 INT. OFFICE OF THE JEFE DE POLICIA - DAY

The Jefe is at his desk going over some papers. He looks up startled as the door bangs open and Marlowe comes in.

JEFE
Ah...Mr. Marlowe! And what can I do for you?

Marlowe strides up to the desk, takes out the $5000. bill and the $500. bill, and slaps them down on the Jefe's desk.

MARLOWE
Talk.

He sits down across the desk, waiting. The Jefe looks at the bills. He picks them up. He considers. He shrugs, and puts the bills in his pocket.

Z3 EXT. MEXICAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A crowded bus going along a dusty road.

Z4 EXT. MEXICAN VILLAGE - DAY

The bus halts to let off and take on passengers. Through a window we see Marlowe inside the bus.

Z5 EXT. MEXICAN HOUSE - DAY

In a remote locale. Marlowe trudging toward it through the dust and heat.

Z6 INT. MEXICAN HOUSE - DAY

A pleasant, cool, whitewashed room with the blaze of sun outside, perhaps a garden in a central court. A man sits with his back to us, the picture of sybaritic comfort, smoking a cheroot, sipping a tall cold drink. The SOUND of an iron door knocker echoes through the place; it has a rather ominous sound, like the booming of a passing bell. The man rises and turns; we see that it is Terry Lennox, not disguised but somewhat changed...heavily tanned, a moustache, an altered hair-style. We follow him to the door.

Z7 TERRY

At the door, as he opens it. Marlowe stands in the doorway, hot, dusty, rumpled, tired.

MARLOWE
Hello, Terry.

TERRY
For God's sake.

They stand staring at each other...Marlowe quite impassive and refusing to disappear. Terry recovers somewhat from the shock.

TERRY
Christ, Phil, I don't know what to say...

MARLOWE
You might try Come in.

TERRY
Well, of course. Of course. Jesus. I mean, I couldn't be happier to see anybody. I was going to let you know...

MARLOWE
(enters)
Sure you were.

He looks at a woman's brightly-colored coat thrown over a chair (perhaps the same one Eileen was wearing when she came out of Augustine's).

CONTINUED

Z7 CONTD

TERRY
How on earth did you find me? Don't tell me I left such obvious tracks...

MARLOWE
You didn't. They were well covered. It cost quite a lot of money to dig them up. Can I have a drink?

TERRY
Yes. Yes, of course. Tequila? Lime? Soda?

MARLOWE
And ice. It's a long walk in from the road. I'm thirsty.

TERRY
Was it my friend in Otatoclan, the Jefe? Did he talk?

MARLOWE
Don't hold it against him. He was sorely tempted.

TERRY
I suppose he told you...I couldn't have worked it without him and the doctor. The suicide, I mean.

MARLOWE
He didn't go into any great detail, just admitted that the suicide was faked.

TERRY
I was out the whole time, of course. The doctor gave me a shot. They used a blank cartridge to simultate the head wound. I've still got a powder mark there, probably always will have.

MARLOWE
Small price to pay.

TERRY
When I was supposed to be dead they packed me in ice long enough
(MORE)

Z7 CONTD (2)

TERRY (Contd)
to take the photographs and the prints and so on. Then they smuggled me out of town and buried a coffinload of stones.

MARLOWE
Very artistic performance. It must have made a dent in Marty Augustine's three hundred and sixty grand.

TERRY
He told you about the money.

MARLOWE
He mentioned it. I never knew you were Marty's bagman. You were smart to get the rest of it back to him.

TERRY
How did you...

MARLOWE
They were beating the shit out of me trying to find out where the money was, and all of a sudden they stopped. Then I saw Eileen coming out of Marty's place. How is Eileen?

TERRY
She's fine. She went into town. Marty was looking for me. He came to Otatoclan...

MARLOWE
Yeah. He landed on Eileen too, didn't he?

TERRY
From what she says. He thought I might have left the suitcase with her. Anyway, I knew he'd never stop looking...

MARLOWE
So you used Eileen as a go-between. And everything turned out all right.
(MORE)

27 CONTD (3)

MARLOWE (Contd)
Everything came up roses. Of course if Roger hadn't killed himself and left a wealthy widow, it might have been different, but he did. You have the luck, Terry. You really have the luck ...She told me it was Roger and Sylvia having the affair, but it wasn't. It was you and Eileen. And that explains why Marlowe. Any news, any word of the beloved...

TERRY
What's that?

MARLOWE
Nothing. Just thinking of something.

TERRY
Phil, I'm sorry I couldn't tell you the truth that night...

MARLOWE
Sure, I understand. If there'd been any suspicion of a crime, I couldn't have taken you. Don't worry about it.

TERRY
But I feel like a heel.

MARLOWE
I said don't worry about it. I understand. Nice place you have here. I like the...the garden and all that. Very nice. You figure on staying here?

TERRY
We haven't decided yet.

MARLOWE
Oh, come on, you can tell an old friend. You're dead, so you have to have a new name, a new passport. As soon as you get that, you and Eileen have the whole wide world to play in. Why did you kill her, Terry?

CONTINUED

Z7 CONTD (4)

TERRY
What?

MARLOWE
Why did you kill your wife?

TERRY
As God is my judge, I didn't mean to.

MARLOWE
Tell me about it, Terry. I've kind of bought an interest in the story, you might say.

TERRY
Roger found out about Eileen and me, the son of a bitch. You have no idea what that girl went through with him...

MARLOWE
I have an idea.

TERRY
Well, he found out and of course he went straight to Sylvia. Told her the whole thing. She and I had a terrible row that night. Sylvia was screaming on about how much she loved me and how much she'd done for me, and what a loathsome character I was...

MARLOWE
So you beat her to death.

TERRY
She wouldn't shut up, Phil. She started threatening me...

MARLOWE
Did she know you were running Marty's dirty profits illegally over the Border?

TERRY
Pretty hard to hide from your wife. She knew I had all that money in the house right then. She threatened to turn me in. You know what that
(MORE)

CONTINUED

27 CONTD (5)

TERRY (Contd)
would have meant, not only to me but to Marty Augustine.

MARLOWE
A big bad rap. And you do have to be loyal to your friends. You owed it to him.

TERRY
I guess I lost my cool. I hit her...Christ, Phil, that was a dreadful moment. Looking at her, and realizing...I panicked. I really did. All I could think of to do was run...

MARLOWE
Taking the money with you.

TERRY
I couldn't leave it in the house.

MARLOWE
No, of course you couldn't. When did you contact Eileen? To let her know you were alive.

TERRY
As soon as I heard about Roger's death. I keep in touch. Newspapers, radio. My Spanish is pretty good, you know, I've been coming here for years. The funny part of it is, Phil, you know...she really believed that Roger killed Sylvia? She really believed that. She thought Sylvia must have got him mad, told him he was crazy or something. Provoked him.

MARLOWE
Very funny. And I thought somebody had killed you. It didn't make any difference to Eileen, though, did it?

TERRY
What didn't?

MARLOWE
When she found out it wasn't Roger.
(MORE)

CONTINUED

Z7 CONTD (6)

MARLOWE (Contd)
When she found out you really did kill Sylvia. Didn't bother her at all, did it? She still came running.

TERRY
We love each other.

MARLOWE
That's nice.

TERRY
Phil, I am sorry if I made trouble for you.

MARLOWE
Oh, that's all right.

TERRY
You do understand, then?

MARLOWE
Sure, I understand.

And Terry believes him. He isn't afraid of Marlowe, he doesn't worry about good old square Philip.

TERRY
I sent you some money. Did you get it?

MARLOWE
I got it.

TERRY
If you need any more...

MARLOWE
You and the wealthy widow will pay me to keep my mouth shut.

TERRY
Oh, Christ, don't put it that way. You're my friend. You wouldn't betray me.

MARLOWE
I like your choice of words, Terry. I really do. Besides, by the time
(MORE)

27 CONTD (7)

MARLOWE (Contd)
I could convince anybody outside of Otatoclan that that very convincing suicide was a fake, you and the lovely lady would be far away. Or I'd be dead. No, I won't betray you, Terry, I wouldn't think of it. By the way, aren't you the least bit curious to know how much it cost me to find you? How much it was worth to me?

TERRY
All right, tell me. How much?

MARLOWE
Five thousand, five hundred dollars, exactly.

He produces a gun.

TERRY
Oh, no, Phil. Not you, the true-blue all-American idiot, ever faithful. Anyway, you've got no reason to get sore. I didn't lie to you, you know. You just assumed...

MARLOWE
Yeah, I just assumed.

TERRY
But Phil...the law...!

MARLOWE
Screw the law.

He shoots Terry. Terry dies, still not believing it. Marlowe turns and walks out of the house.

28 EXT. MEXICAN HOUSE - DAY

As Marlowe comes out. Eileen is just driving up in a Landrover. She is astonished to see him.

EILEEN
Phil...

He walks past her without looking at her, as though she is not there. He walks away along the dusty road. She stares after him, getting out of the car. Then she turns and goes into the house.

FADE OUT

THE END